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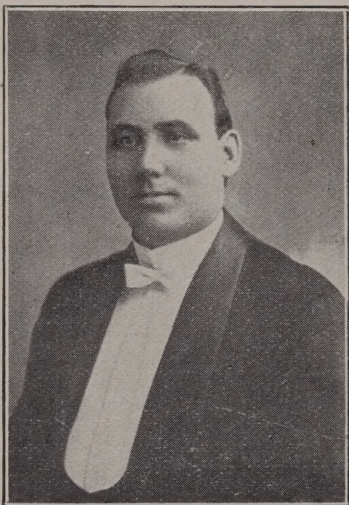
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A Missouri farmer being asked if raising hemp was a good business answered: "I can't sartin say, but it is surely better than being raised by it."—Ex.

—:—

No, I can't see any particular objection to buying a set of Lamb bound in leather.

A schoolmaster asked one of his fair pupils, "Can you decline a kiss?" Dropping a perplexed courtesy, she modestly replied, "Yes, sir, but I don't like to."—Ex.

—:—

It is useless to vaccinate the average city policeman. He can't catch anything anyway.

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A man, fearfully addicted to stuttering, stepped up to the ticket window at a station and asked what it would cost to go to New York by freight.

"By freight," exclaimed the astonished ticket agent. "Why do you wish to go by freight?"

"B-e-bec-c-ause," stammered the man, "I c-e-c-can't exp-p-press my-s-self very w-well, e-c-can I?"

A ruralist in Missouri posted on his lands, the notice reading as follows:

"Notes—Tresspaser will be persecuted to the full exten of 2 mean mungrel dogs which ain't never been overly so-shihl with strangers and I dubelop barl shot gun which ain't loaded with no sofy pillus dam if I ain't tired of this hellraisin' on my property."

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SPECIAL PRICES TO STUDENTS.



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That Girl of Yours

Wants you to remember her with a box of Cut Flowers or a beautiful plant at Easter time. The place to buy them is at

Vesey, Florist,

828 Calhoun Street.

They always have a fine assortment of fresh flowers and plants.

We have a large line of new L. System fine clothing for spring, the best and nobbiest young men's clothing made.
Patterson-Fletcher Co.

—:—

Come in and see our new L. System clothing for young men. We have a larger and better line of them than ever before.
Patterson-Fletcher Co.

Wayne Harrod, a High School student,
Is getting brighter every day;
I guess he does more studying
Since Marian moved away.

—:—

Wear the Patterson-Fletcher Special \$3 stiff hat. We have some nobby shapes for young men.

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Dallas F. Green

The Girl that Would be Poet.

Seated before a desk, if such a name implying respectability can fitly designate so rude a structure, sat, in a dejected heap of unkempt picturesqueness, a girl of that romantic and ambitious age of fifteen! The room, to use a threadbare phrase, but one that, nevertheless, speaks well, appeared to have been recently visited by a cyclone of no small size and force. It gave one the impression that its furnishings had been thrown in from the windows and doors, not placed with any thought of order.

The desk itself was a heap of papers on which were scribbled unintelligible hieroglyphics of astonishing number. Ink blotted the worn table cover. Pencil sharpenings were strewn here and there. One or two dog-eared books, a battered dictionary, a copy of Scotch romance ballads, Jean Ingelow, and a diary among the number, lay near by. The waste paper basket was stuffed and crammed with scraps of hurriedly torn paper. The floor was littered with it. On the desk, within easy reaching distance of the girl's hand, were a bag of crackers and two or three well-cleaned apple cores.

The girl fitted well with her room. Her uncombed black hair was mopped upon her head. Her collar and tie were off, her neck bare, her clothes slouched on her. She looked wretchedly unkempt—a genius in appearance, perhaps. With sleeves rolled up to the elbows, she seemed to be fairly digging at her work. Her hand scratched rapidly over page upon page of manu-

script. Now and again she would pause for a moment, and sit chewing mercilessly at her pencil. Then, at a sudden flash of inspiration she would continue to write and with added zest.

She had sat thus all afternoon, and now the lengthening shadows in her room told her that night was advancing on flying feet. And then the appetizing odors of the cooking supper were wafted up to her. Yet she must not stop, and indeed she had little desire to do so. For what genius of the inkstand considers such a prosaic thing as supper while writing his masterpiece. And this was her masterpiece—this glowing tale of tragic romance! Oh the nights she had spent in the planning of it, the days in the making! It was a part of her, the heart of her heart, the child of her mated mind and imagination. This would come into its own in rank with "The Idyls of the King," "Pippa Passes," "The Spanish Gypsy." Her name would be sung as long as immortal poetry sang in the winds. Yet it was not alone selfish ambition to make a name for herself that imbued her. The joy of a creator was hers! She saw her work, and believed it good and worthy of her. To write—ah to write poetry, of lovers, of knights and ladies, of noble heroes, of beautiful queens! That was her Spain-Castle, that her Dream-World! Far from the unsympathetic eyes of the world, she vented the longings of her impulsive little soul upon the pages before her.

But darker and darker grew the room, and finally a voice called from be-

low, in sharp, dictatorial tones, "Jane!"

Sudden and sharp was that calling back from the land of armed heroes and Lady-queens into the work-a-day world of supper and dishes. For a moment a hot rage took possession of her that she, the coming tragic poet of her age, should be called by such a name as "Jane." But duty and fear prompted her answer, "Yes, Mother."

"Come to your supper at once, Jane, your father is here."

"Oh mother, mayn't I just finish this?"

"Jane!" The tone held that quality which demands instantaneous obedience. Reluctantly she arose, gave one last look at her precious manuscript while hurriedly attempting to tidy her hair, and went to the dining room.

As soon as she had left the room, a slim figure of a girl several years her senior entered it. Turning on the light, she beheld the scribbled papers on the table. With a chuckle she picked them up and glanced over them. "Well this is rich!" she commented to herself. "The silly little kid! Oh won't the family die of laughing at this? What a strange little sister she is!"

There was no malice in what she did, no desire to hurt another. These pages, that laid bare the story of her little sister's romantic heart were to her but an amusing, a very amusing joke. She wished to make others laugh with her. Woe to the possessor of a sense of humor who lack a sense of the fitness of things.

Picking up the remaining pages, she followed their unsuspecting creator down the stairs. There were her family assembled, the father stern and quiet, the mother fussing and nervous, her elder brother making sarcastic and inane witticisms, the younger brother, a

sturdy, teasing lad of twelve, and her maiden aunt whose perpetual sweetness bored the rather temperamental family, to exasperation. And there too was Jane, hurriedly gulping the soup, without a grimace, which her brother had plenteously seasoned with salt. For a moment the sister stopped, then "Look what's here, folks," she burst in with. "Our Janey is quite the poet lady. Listen!" And with a giggle she started to read the verses.

Jane sat petrified, unable to speak, to move, to think. Only a dim understanding reached her that her masterpiece was being read and ridiculed by an unappreciating family. The thought filled her with a sudden distaste for eating, for breathing, for living. The beloved, much-thought-of words of her hero knight to his lady fair smote upon her senses.

"And I have come, fair lady mine,
From moor, from crag, from valley,
To find you is my hope divine,
No foe could make me dally."

And they were laughing at it! Laughing at her poem and at those beautiful words! Every one of them was roaring and screaming with mirth. Then at last she got up. Her eyes blazed. She grabbed the much-abused manuscript from the hands of her sister. For one moment she stood facing them, a small defiant, hurt little figure. "I think," she said gravely, "that you are too mean to be the family of a girl with my ambition."

Then the storm of tears burst forth—the pent-up, little girl heart-hunger and disappointment. With a sob she flung herself from the room and flew up stairs into her scribbling den. Upon the bed she threw herself and sobbed out her little heart into the soft depths of the pillow.

How long she lay there she did not

know, but finally, after a century or so of bitterness, she heard a light knock on the door, and the kindly father voice said, "Mayn't I come in, Janet?"

Her first thought was that he had called her "Janet," not Jane, and she sobbed a broken "Yes, Daddy." Her father came over to her and shoved a package under the pillow. He was a man of a large heart and a small vocabulary. To see a child suffer hurt down to the core of him, but he knew no words to speak, he must only show his sympathy.

"I've brought you something, little

girlie," he said brokenly—he was ashamed that he too had laughed—"Look at it and then try to forgive us for being unkind."

He left her. For a moment she waited, then turned on the light and opened the package. It contained a beautiful gold and leather edition of the "Idyls of the King," her very favorite. She opened it eagerly. On the fly leaf was written, "To the Girl Who Would be Poet. From a Daddy Who is Sorry He laughed."

And once again joy sang in her heart.

—Y. L., 1911.



Kathleen's Followers.

Spring had just begun to send ahead her messengers of balmy winds, which were whispering to the trees to put forth their buds, and to the grass to grow and be green. And into the hearts of us she had sent joy—that trust of Spring's harbingers.

But Elisabeth wasn't conscious of the gladness. To her the beginning of spring meant the University play. And that meant not merely the play—oh, no; there were a hundred and one other joys that helped to make that day the happiest of all the year. But this year there wouldn't be any happy day for her.

She walked homeward now with as stony a face as any of Medusa's victims. She was proud of that stoniness. It had taken her weeks to acquire it, and even then it would not always take possession of her features at just the crucial moment.

But today it was a masterpiece. She had delivered the icy bow with its corresponding expression of countenance at precisely the right second, and they had produced the desired effect. And she was perfectly satisfied. At least, that is what she told herself. But all the time her mind kept reviewing the cause of her act. It was just at the close of school, and as she started from the cloak room she had caught the end of a conversation:

"Come early." It was a sweet Irish voice.

"You may depend upon it, I will. You're too popular these days."

That was Phil. And it was then as she passed him that she had delivered of her stunt. She didn't glance back,

but she waited involuntarily for him to join her.

"He always used to—before," she thought bitterly, as she heard his footsteps retreating down the hall to the room he had just left. "I wish she'd stayed in her old Dublin! But I've behaved in a perfectly dignified manner. I have that to comfort me, anyway. Just as soon as I got the littlest hint that it was—different, I froze up, so no one could say I cared, or—"

"Hello, Lisa!" called that same sweet Irish voice.

Elisabeth looked up. "Hello, Kathleen," she responded. "Are you going my way?"

"Not very far, dearie. We're havin' a guest for tea, and I must be hurryin' home. My, but you're lookin' cast down! Who's been hurtin' your feelin's? Come! Get the smile back to your lips. Don't you know a smile will always get you more than a tear, no matter how pretty and pleadin' it is? And don't you think we make too much of our grievances? The difference isn't so much in the grievances themselves. They're big or little, according to what sort of tune is singin' in our hearts when they come. So if you're smilin' and keepin' your heart balanced right, the grievances won't touch you except to make you stronger. O, there's Phil."

She gave vent to a shrill whistle, and the next instant Phil had come up to them. It was at the corner of the street on which Kathleen lived, and she turned now and slipped an arm about Elisabeth.

"Good-by, Lisa dear. Smile," she whispered, and they were gone.

But Elisabeth didn't smile. She kept her proudly acquired stony look as she passed slowly up the street toward a house from whose terrace issued indignant girlish voices.

"They're talking of Kathleen," she thought, as she slowed her steps a bit further. "I can tell from the expression of their faces. She's been poaching on their preserves, too!" For the instant she unconsciously followed Kathleen's advice, and smiled; for Elisabeth had a sense of humor which in spite of herself would crop out savingly now and then. Just then Jane's voice came to her shrill and defiant.

"I call her perfectly brazen! Not that I care at all for the transfer of Jim's attentions. Jim always rather bored me, anyway, with his constant demand for sympathy in some one or other of his numerous fads."

The voice of Agnes arose in studied indifference.

"She doesn't interest me in the least. Says she's never read a word of Ibsen, and I don't believe she'd recognize a quotation from the Rubaiyat if she heard it. Howard will tire of her soon, mark my words!"

"I'm not so sure of that," put in Frances. "Howard is a jolly fellow, and loves a laugh more than anything else in the world. And Kathleen has her Irish wit. More than that, her own laugh is always ready when Howard gets off his pleasantries. You're always trying to 'improve' him, Agnes. And half the time his jokes fall flat when he catches that severe expression you think is a sign of intellect. I don't wonder she attracts Howard. But what Bert sees in her—"

"I can tell you that," interrupted Annette. "Bert is the vainest creature on earth, and she caters to his egotism. Only yesterday I heard her say to him,

'That's hardly so becoming a tie as I've seen you wear, Mr. Ashcraft. It isn't just the shade to bring out the clear tints of your skin, and that particular glint of auburn in your hair.' It was the same tie you had told him the day before didn't match his red hair at all!"

"Perhaps you can explain her attraction for Hal," sarcastically retorted Agnes.

"I can, if she can't," declared Frances. "Hal is a social fellow. He likes a crowd, and Annette is always getting him off into corners and boring the life out of him with her exclusiveness. Now Kathleen—"

"Oh, there's Elisabeth," cried Jane a bit hurriedly, as she saw a danger signal flame up into Annette's cheeks and her eyes glow with something that presaged war. "We're just discussing Kathleen," she called out to the newcomer. "Where's Phil?"

"Where Jim and Bert and Howard and Hal are mostly, these days—with Kathleen," answered Elisabeth, with the smile that would return, in spite of her.

"You're taking it cheerfully," remarked Frances.

"That's what she advised me to do," replied Elisabeth.

"Advised you!" chorused all four of the girls in a breath.

"Well, perhaps hardly that," modified Elisabeth. "But she did say, 'smile,' and you see I'm smiling."

"She has a sly little way of giving us all advice," said Annette. She turned to Frances. "Your criticism of me isn't original. You got it from Kathleen the other night at the Nelsons when she came up to Hal and me where we sat on the top stair and got us to join the crowd downstairs who were guessing conundrums. Hal had been

wanting to go, but I think conundrums are vile, and I told him so."

"And she says boys as a rule don't care much for bookish girls; that if a girl goes in for intellect, she should be tactful enough to keep the fact a bit in the background." It was Agnes who volunteered this.

"And if she told you to smile, Elisabeth," advised Jane, "I think you'd better do it. You've certainly been glum these past few days, and I know Phil Manners well enough to know he'd run a mile to get away from a frown, or one of your coldly resentful glances."

Elisabeth walked home pondering. An hour later Dorothea rushed into the house. Dorothea was fourteen.

"I've just come from Kathleen's," she announced. "And say, Sis, I'm go-

ing to the University play this year, too—and with Kathleen. The crowd of us is to go together—Bert and Howard and Hal and Jim and Phil, and all you girls. Phil's coming over tonight to ask you. Kathleen said I was to go with her, because she wouldn't have an escort that night. She has a perfectly good lover, but he's the hero in the play. And what do you think? After the play we're all to come back to Kathleen's for a little supper, and Kathleen is going to announce her engagement! It's to be a secret from the others till then, but Kathleen said she could trust you and me. Isn't she a brick to take me?"

"She's a brick for more reasons than one," answered Elisabeth.

—"Little X."

END



Miss Helen Morris, who entered Oxford College in February, was the honor guest at a beautifully appointed dinner party given by Miss Gwladys Hughes.

Miss Helen Kelly gave a chafing dish party February 18th. Among the guests were the Misses Harrington, Bort and Whitaker.

The following girls have been asked to join the Qui Vive Club: Cecil Bradshaw, Maribel Olds, Nellie Wilt, Anne Shryock and Mary Evans. Saturday, March 19th the club gave a spread at the home of Marjorie Pickard.

Friday, March 11th, Margaret Fisher delightfully entertained at luncheon.

Miss Marie Kelly gave a "sewing bee" Saturday, February 26th. The guests were Cecil Bradshaw, Maribel Olds, Marjory Fisher, Helen Magee, Thyr Ruhland, Mary Evans, Anne Shryock, Olga Rice, Nellie Wilt and Marguerite Gross.

Miss Mary Menefee entertained the members of her club at a St. Patrick's day party March 19th.

Miss Ruth Kover entertained a number of friends at cards February 18th.

Mr. George Moritz spent his Easter vacation in the city with relatives.

Mr. Clarence Zook has been appointed to take part in the Purdue play which will be given here in the spring. Mr. Otto Fuelber has been given the leading part in the Michigan University play.

Mr. Harold Gumpper spent a short time in the city visiting relatives.

The A. O. club held a business meeting at the home of Miss Clara Melching March 5th.

Miss Evelyn Meyers entertained her club at a dinner March 11th.



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THE CALDRON

Published monthly during the school year by the students of the Fort Wayne High and Manual Training School.

The amount of stealing going on in our High School grows daily greater and it certainly seems as if it were time to take steps toward checking it. Money is the most common thing stolen but this month it has progressed to wearing apparel. Such stealing would not be tolerated for a minute in any business house in the city and so why should it be in the High School? The proper authorities should take the matter up immediately and try to stop this ruthless plundering going on in the school.

Nothing has been so much missed this last term as the half hour spent at chapel. This is the one thing about which all the students agree and everyone sincerely hopes that at some time soon they may again all meet together there.

The lack of any school spirit or enthusiasm is at no time more apparent than when the "Caldron" is put on sale once a month. The material for each "Caldron" is got together with a great deal of trouble and care. According to criticisms received from other High School papers, our "Caldron" is considered an exceptionally good one, and yet only about two hundred copies are sold each month with about eight hundred students in the school. If the High School students aren't going to buy and read the "Caldron" what is the sense of editing it? The "Caldron" staff of the Fort Wayne High School sincerely hope that the pupils of the school will brace up and do their duty by the school paper during the remainder of the year.

—Ass't. Editor.

Session room 18 was raided by some law breakers—as yet unknown—on Friday evening, March 4. The desks were emptied and the contents spread all over the room. As a result, a great many of the students have lost very valuable papers, note-books, and in a few cases text-books. Some Caldron covers and all the March Caldron exchanges were lost in the melee. The Saturday following the janitors burned up all the loose papers and the students have gone around with long faces ever since, as no chance was given them to attempt to rescue their papers. As yet no effort has been made toward finding the guilty people, but it is to be hoped that something will be done and that the guilty will be punished. Such lawlessness is a disgrace to any school, and not punished will undoubtedly occur again.

SCHOOL NOTES.

On February 22nd the students of the High School assembled in the auditorium for the first time within the past nine months. Mr. Alexander Johnson gave a very interesting talk on the life of Washington and Fred Hulburd, accompanied by Stephen Burns, gave an entertaining violin solo.

Why not devote thirty minutes of each week to chapel exercises?

Strong efforts are being made toward the organization of a High School base ball team. A meeting was held on March 11th in room No. 18, at which William Gosma was elected captain and Verl Wise manager. The candidates

reported for practice March 12th and the prospects are good.

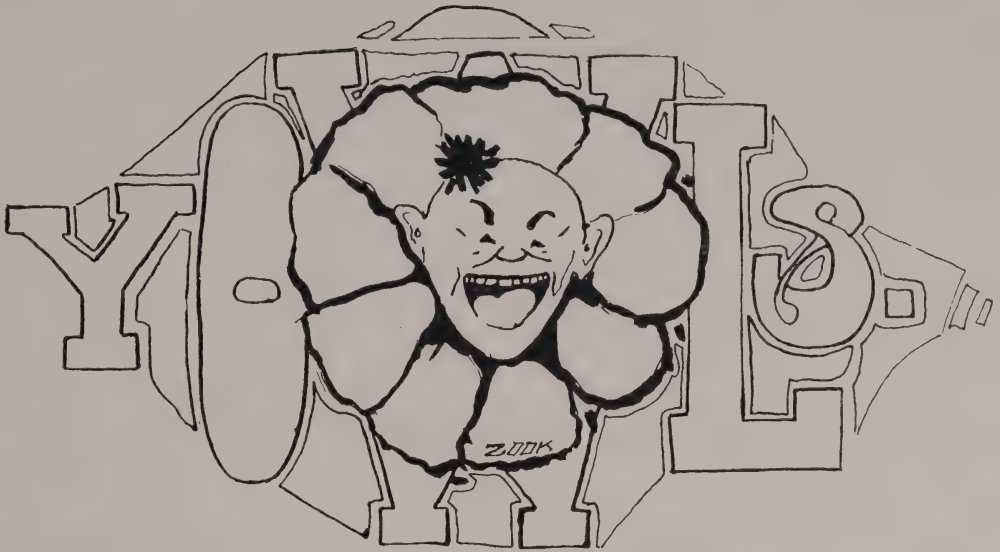
We regret that Eulalia McKeehan was forced to discontinue her studies for a while on account of ill health. She is at present in New Orleans, having sought the more genial climate of the South.

Professors Ward, Voorhees and Carter attended a convention of scientists, held in Richmond, Ind., on March 4th and 5th.

Prof. Henry Meyer, at the head of our physical training department, attended a convention of physical directors held at Indianapolis, Ind., the first of this month.

STATISTICS

NAME	Age	Description	Pet Name	Affectionate Towards	Favorite Pastime	Besetting Sin	Chief Virtue	Aim in life
C. Lamont.....	25	Herculean	Lobster	R. M.	Trying to get a girl	His feet	That laugh	Hypnotist
R. Zook	?	Teddy Bear (In his grey sweater)	Wocco	L. T.	Talking L. T. (too late)	Knows too much	Cheeriness	Millionaire
R. Caldwell.....	12	Happy	Oot	No one	Tennis	Giggling	Disposition	Missionary
D. White.....	2	Demure	Pinkie	Chas.	Skating	Those eyes	Playing the piano	Peace maker
W. Moffat.....	Sweet Sixteen (V. A.)	Lengthy	Bill	4 or 5	Sitting on the bench	Forgetting the time primping	That dimple	Dancing Teacher
H. Morris	18	Tubby	Moxie	McK.	Writing in people's books	Talking	Teaching Sunday School	To marry a military man
H. Pucket.....	4	Airy	Puck	Several	Chuckling	Curls	Those white spots	Bare back rider
W. Fishing.....	15	Fierce	Hasn't any	Caldron Staff Girls	Getting Caldron adds.	Smoking	His red Jersey	Detective
E. Johnson.....	?	Round	Jack	F. C. W.	Writing love letters	Getting Crushes	Voice	To go to California
N. Bleekman....	6	Laughing	Nell	W. V.	Collecting Sunday School Money	Eating Waffles	Has none	Domestic Science Teacher
A. Gross.....	20	Red curly hair	Al.	H. K.	Quarreling with Ed.	His Latin recitations	Horse laugh	To marry H. K.



G. Sommers in German—"Then man
holds her like a maid-servant."

* * * *

High School Instructor (lecturing on English)—"If you dubs don't ditch slang around this joint there's going to be a big noise pulled off. See?"—Ex.

* * * *

A clever wag, upon hearing that Mark Twain was receiving one dollar a word for his productions, sent the humorist a two dollar bill with a note for a sample of his work. In reply he received a piece of paper on which were written the words, "Thank you."

* * * *

George—"Who was that woman you tipped your hat to this morning?"

Jack—"Ah, my boy, I owe a great deal to her."

George—"Oh, your mother."

Jack—"No, my washwoman."

* * * *

"What is the best way to make a coat last?"

"Make the vest and pants first."

* * * *

T. W.—"It was sad because they were alone."

Miss Harrington—"It's nice to be alone sometimes, you know."

PURELY VEGETABLE.

A potato went out on a mash

And sought an onion bed

"That's pie for me," observed the squash

And all the beats turned red.

"Go away," the onion, weeping cried

"Your love I cannot be;

"The pumpkin be your lawful bride—

"You can't aloupe with me."

But onward still the tuber came,

And lay down at her feet,

"You cauliflower by any name

And it will smell as wheat."

And I, too, am an early rose,

And you I've come to see;

So don't turnip your lovely nose,

But spinachat with me."

I do not carrot all to wed

So go, sir, if you please!"

"And lettuce, pray have peas,

Go think that you have never seen

Myself, or smiled my sigh;

Too long a maiden I have been

For favors in your rye!"

"Ah, spare a cuss!" the tuber prayed

"My cherryshed bride you'll be;

"You are the only weeping maid

"That's currant now with me!"

And as the wily tuber spoke

He caught her by surprise,

And giving her an artichoke,

Devoured her with his eyes.

Mr. McMillan—"What does crabbed mean, William?"

W. Moffat—"Narrow."

Mr. McMillan—"Then we would call William crabbed."

* * * *

"All the world loves a lover."

That is why we all love Ed. McCaskey.

* * * *

Freshie to Mr. Knight—"Is forging harder than manual training?"

* * * *

Mrs. Newlywed—"Boo-hoo, John threw one of my own biscuits at me."

Mother (indignantly)—"He might have killed you."

* * * *

Visitor—"Rastus, do the people across the way keep chickens?"

Rastus—"Dey keep some ob 'em."

* * * *

Smith—"What would you do if a man called you a liar?"

Jones—"What size man?"

* * * *

Miss Harrington—"The 'woulds' are too thick."

* * * *

He—"Did Barnum go to heaven when he died?"

She—"I don't know; he had the greatest show on earth."

* * * *

Most things go to the buyer, but coal goes to the cellar.

* * * *

George—"Have you seen my stout sister May?"

Jack—"No, but I've seen your sister Lena."

* * * *

Mr. Newlywed—"That new fangled divorce is getting to be quite popular."

Mrs. Newlywed—"What new fangled divorce?"

Mr. Newlywed—"Why you see a man can get a divorce from his wife's relations but still keep his wife."

* * * *

Small Girl—"Why doesn't baby talk, father?"

Father—"He can't talk yet, babies never talk."

Small Girl—"Oh! yes they do. Nurse read me out of the Bible how Job cursed the day he was born."

* * * *

Miss Parker—"Rat cat caught—how do you frame a sentence from that?"

Miss C.—"Put the rat at the end."

Miss Parker—"Correct; no doubt it was the end of the rat."

* * * *

Have you heard about the new stoves named after the Arctic explorer? (Cook stoves.)

* * * *

Miss Bort—"Give me the principle parts of the verb kill (occido occidere, occidi occisus.)"

Miss H.—"O, kiddo! O, kiddere! O Katie! O kiss us!"

* * * *

Miss Harrington (in Merchant of Venice)—"Yes, everything is so natural, Portia and Bassanio have a quarrel and everything seems so homelike."

* * * *

Beth Porter (reading joke at staff meeting)—

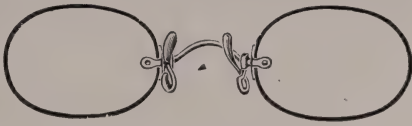
"A silly couple in a hammock

Attempted to kiss;—

And in less than a jiffy

They fell like this.

Alfred Gross (Exchange editor)—"I always get that in my exchanges."



No charge for examination.
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The daintiest and neatest eye-glass made. Adjusted on the nose with one hand. A slender gold band connecting the lenses. The Rogers Method of Examination Insures Correct Lenses.

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Just a little newer in style
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wear the "WALK-OVER."

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—:—

New neckwear each week, at the Pat-
terson-Fletcher Co. store.

Stynie (who has dallied too long at
the club house)—“Hello, old man!
Watchuh wantee tee up two balls for?”

Green (ditto)—“That’s all right, old
chap; can’t you see I’m driving with
two clubs.”

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G. Summers (translating German)—
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ernor fell?”

Soft hats for spring in greys, tans,
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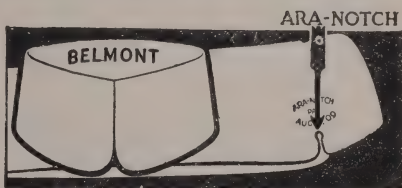
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Celia Parker (after depositing herself on the icy sidewalk—"Guess that isn't getting an education under diffi-

culties?"

C. Pratt—"I always get mine under my hat."



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Mr. McMillan, a High School teacher,
Is as old as he can be.
In him we find an element
'Tis "kindness" we can see.

Oh! Woe betide the luckless time
When manly sport decay;
And foot-ball stigmatized as crime
Must sadly pass away!

A. J.—"Solve that equation by for-
mation."

M. L.—"Make an end run."

Mr. Von Kahlden—"What is the
ethical dative?"

Student—"Why its indirect dis-
course."

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Broadway and Washington Boul., West.

A suitable toast for a prospective bridegroom:—

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And here's to the love we land."

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Wilson—"No, sir."

Teacher—"Did I not tell you to be prepared in your history lesson? And here you are unable to repeat a word of it."

Freshman—"I didn't think it was necessary. I've always heard that history repeats itself."—Ex.

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EVERYTHING IN JEWELRY**

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NOS DOMUS PRAEBEMUS.

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